

WAR CRY

THE
AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

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Dream of a Christless Soul,

An Officer's Self-Denying Path.

A SONG SERVICE, SUITABLE FOR SELF-DENIAL WEEK.

There lived, not long ago, two friends. He was a gentleman in a cultured city of the "States." She was an Army officer in Canada—our "land of the clear sky."

He was a man of highest intellect, and sensitive refinement, both of thought and imagination, but with strongly sceptical tendencies, an infidel regarding the atonement, a man without a Christ.

She had also refinement of temperament, equal sensitiveness and tenderness of spirit, and grace of fancy; but she toiled on, year after year, in her hard stations, with the Calvary love in her heart, sometimes with aching brow and weary feet, sometimes faint and exhausted by night, sometimes burnt by the hot sun by day, but ever with joy springing up in her heart, and all for the love of Him Who bore the thorns and bowed beneath the cross for her.

D. J. G. A. Sometimes I'm tried with toil and care,
Sometimes I'm weak and worn;
Sometimes it harks so dark every where.

Instead of the rose, the thorn,
These are the times when tempted sore.

A voice in my ear doth speak—
"Unleash thy sword, there's victory before."

Thy Saviour is mighty to keep,
I have a Saviour Who's mighty to keep.

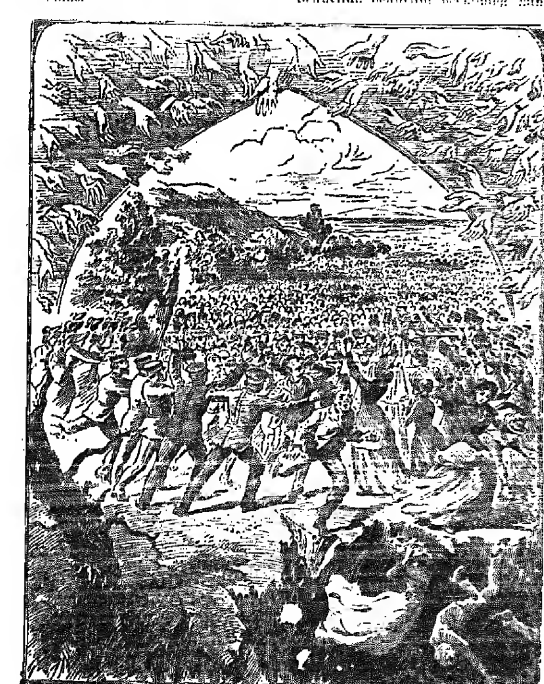
Mighty to keep evermore,
Never I've known a cloud so dark,
Never a power so strong,
Never a wall so fiercely to bark.

Never a night so long—
But they all vanished, and left, and fled,
And left me to wonder, not weep:
How could I ever have doubted at all
A Saviour so mighty to keep.

The gentleman slept one day, and dreamed among his books and surroundings of cultured thought; and so vividly did his dream impress him, and so strangely did it affect him, that he wrote it out and sent it to his friend in Canada, who, when she read it, wished that all her comrades—all the world—might be comforted and encouraged to go on by it as she had been, even when their hearts were sick and their throats sore; even when dragged through the dust of scandal and contempt, though faint and ready to sink with thorn-placed feet, or scorched with the heat of the day, almost overwhelmed with the stress of the fight, the power of the night. She wished that they, too, might take courage, as she had done, from the dream of her unsaved friend.

B. J. 78. I am a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb;
I will not fear to own His cause,
Nor blush to spread His fame.

Let us march thro' the world with
The fire and the blood;
Lord, the power and the glory are
Thine;
When we've turned guilty sinners by
millions to God,
Like stars in the heavens will
shine.



I'll not go shingling to the skies,
And living at my ease,
While others risk the heavenly prize,
And die of sin's disease.

The foe of truth and man I'll face,
And bring them to the blood;
I'll change the world by Jesus' grace,
And conquer it for God.

He thought he stood on a broad and easy road, flower-strewn and soft and smooth. Crowds and crowds of people were sauntering along with him and sang and merry laughter. But what impressed him first was their utter indifference to a multitude of hands that were outstretched to

them, beckoning them into some other path. Pleading hands they seemed to be—hands of every description—every size and shape; dainty jeweled hands, soft and delicate hands, even the round hands of little children. Some, he thought he could discern to be the hands of fathers and mothers, signing to sons and daughters, who amongst the throng were pleading, unheeding, by regardless of all their beckoning.

Beautiful hands at the gateway to-night,
Faces all shining with radiant cheer;
Eyes looking down from that heavenly throne,
Beautiful hands that are beckoning come.

Beckoning hands, beckoning hands,
Calling their dear ones to heavenly lands;
Beckoning hands, beckoning hands,
Beautiful hands that are beckoning come.

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ly downward and with ever-increasing speed the people streamed along more rapidly, and with harder indifference, though countless hands still beckoned and beckoned, and the laughing crowd pushed back.

At last he observed, to his unutterable horror, that the steep descent ended abruptly in a great dark gulf, and towards this frightful black chasm the living thousands hurried, speeding on ever faster, until dashing down at last, leaping out into the darkness upon nothing, whilst these jeweled hands still beckoned them, but pitifully helpless now to influence or turn the plunging torrent of humanity.

B. B. 62, or B. J. 171.

When you come to Jordan's flood,
How will you do?
You who now condemn your God, how will you do?

Death will be a solemn day,
When the soul is forced away,
It will be too late to pray, how will you do?

You who laugh and scorn, and sneer,
How will you do?
When in Jordan you appear, how will you do?

Can you then your terror brave,
Say you have no soul to save,
When you sink beneath the wave, how will you do?

Suddenly he became conscious that right over the mouth of the pit there were men and women who rushed forward and threw the weight of their own bodies right across the path of the oncoming multitude, in whole-hearted endeavor to check their sickening downward rush on that smooth, rose-strewn road, with its ghastly, fatal end.

Profoundly he wondered, in his dream, how it was these people dared to venture right up to the slippery edge of the gulf, and so to interpose—not beckoning hands, however graceful they might be, but their own bodies, themselves—with their feet firmly planted, and their backs to the black chasm, as they stood with their hands upraised to push back the wave of destruction, and with might and main to force the attention of the heedless multitudes. But, by-and-by, it dawned upon his consciousness that it was only those who were absolute, if pure and clean might venture with any degree of safety in contact with the descending throng. He found it was nothing but their purity kept their feet firm as they flung themselves across the frightful downward race.

Finally he observed that the men were clad in red garments, and the women wore bonnets, then he concluded that these were Salvationists, and awoke with a start from his vivid dream.

B. B. 15.

Who'll fight for the Lord everywhere,
Till we march by the river of light,
Where the Lamb leads His hosts free from care.

All robed in their garments of white?

Everywhere! Who'll fight for the Lord everywhere?

Oh, think of the friends everywhere,
Who on man's ruined nature have trod.

Of the curse that breathes on the air,
From some wandering far from their fold.

I'll fight for the Lord everywhere,
For the terrible need I can see;
Many dying in sin everywhere,
My Jesus alone can set free.

POINTERS FOR S.-D. WEEK.

By THE GENERAL

Duty marked must bring condemnation.

More fire—more zeal—more burning love.

No cross—no real service for either God or man.

Fight in faith, and keep on believing for victory.

No man can be an ultimate failure who keeps going on.

Don't say anything new cannot be done, but go and do it.

Fight by attacking. A mere defence must end in failure.

You can't save others, if you go in for saving yourselves.

All success depends upon the extent to which we rely upon God.

The baptism of the Holy Ghost simply means to be immersed in God.

Idle men do not need the devil to tempt them—they tempt themselves.

Throw yourself into the fight, regardless of anything and everything.

Give yourself up to the task of securing victory, and you will gain it.

Only those have light and power who fight for the deliverance of other souls.

Let self-sacrifice in the service of man and God be the ruling principle of your life.

Seek in all things, at all times and everywhere, to be actuated by the principle of love.

The chief purpose in life should be to bring honor to God, and to be useful to men.

Be determined never more to be satisfied with a service that is a mere outward performance.

The true Salvationist lives the same kind of life, and is actuated by the same purposes, as God Himself.

A soul on fire will make the people listen, wherever you may be, or whatever you may have to say.

How important it is that we should individually seek to discharge our responsibilities as in the sight of God.

Grid yourself with the mighty promises of your Almighty God, and go boldly and believingly forth to obey.

There cannot be full salvation without full surrender. God can neither save nor help what is not given Him.

He will not go far wrong who keeps his heart cool, his feet warm, and his heart on fire with the love of God.

Let each of us stand in our own individuality, as though there were no one else but ourselves to fight for Jehovah.

Never mind your feelings. It is not always those who feel the most who are the highest and best among God's followers.

You must be thorough—that is, honest, thoroughly honest—honest as before the great White Throne with your own soul.

If your heart is only broken up and filled with the Spirit of Jesus Christ and of compassion for souls, it is difficult to suppose that you can be other than a great success.

Unbelief of the most diabolical character often clothes itself in the garb of humility. Measure yourselves, not by one another, nor by the achievements of others, but by the promises of God, the merits of the atoning Blood, and the power of the Holy Ghost.



HOW MUCH are you going to rise this year in S.-D. SPIRIT, practice, effort, blessing, and result? HOW many souls will you win? How many, and what kind of blessings will your example and influence impart to those around you? HOW much real, practical self-denial will you do? What amount of S.-D. cash will you raise?

OUR TARGET IS \$3,450.

Now, what ever happens, we must get that.

We can.

God will help us.

I believe.

But we must be united and untiring in our efforts. If, however, by the means of united toil, we raised \$800 in advance of any previous year for H.E., it would be vain to imagine that by the use of the same, or increased, more spirited action, we cannot spoil our target. We shall.

There are four essential spirits necessary, viz.,—

The Energetic,
The Enthusiastic,
The Enterprising, and
The Competitive.

Get the stann well up with each of these, and put them altogether into the following, and, my dear comrades, your S.-D. target will look mighty sick by December 31st:—

1.—PRAYERFUL PLANNING. Size up the possibilities lying before you. Study out the best and most suitable methods; carefully lay them out in the spirit of prayer, depending on the Holy Ghost for that wisdom and guidance that shall direct you to the very wisest and most applicable to the corps and circumstances in which you are placed.

2.—ORGANIZE. Divide up the forces, give everybody something to do without exception. The L. O.'s the bandmen, the soldiers, the Juniors, the sisters, the brothers, the young, the old, the sympathizers, could all be organized into separate brigades, be stirred up to provoke each other to love and good works. Organize for the villages, for your meetings, for the

S.-D. and SOCIAL SACK,

among the farmers, and make your organization such that not a soul in your command escapes the opportunity and privilege of helping the S.-D. Fund.

3.—DESPERATE EFFORT. Don't go about S.-D. in a "come day, go day," etc., listless kind of manner. Earnestness and desperation will appeal to many who without seeing it manifested in you would pass you by, or heed none of your appeals. A desperate spirit will scare half your difficulties away. Making others as well as yourself FEEL that you have GOT to win, and that they have GOT to help you do it, is half the battle, which can be won by being desperate in your efforts.

4.—BE DETERMINED to win. Persevere, push through when tired, when sky is gloomy and prospects are dark, go on. Commit yourself to God's grace and your target in dead determination to conquer, and not let up till you have done your part toward getting the \$3,450.

You did nobly indeed for H.E. I feel safe in backing you for S.-D. God bless you. Yours for S.-D. victory,
J. E. MARSHALL, P.S.

From and for F.O's.

MY OLD SCRAP BOOK.

CAPT. MCKENZIE, of the Munitions.

WHICHEVER you go, take your religion with you, not always obtrusively in words, but always in acts, in sympathy, and in kindly deeds.

ON ENTERING a new corps, don't jump to conclusions. Be calm; be patient. Because the soldiers may not exactly suit you, don't think of striking their names from the roll. Look at the circumstances, visit your soldiers and encourage them. Don't

IN PERSONAL DEALING refrain from arguing. If you defeat a man, his impression is, generally, that he is not sufficiently posted, yet, and must brave himself for the next attack, and you know what that means.

ALWAYS look people in the eyes when dealing with them personally.

NEVER mention a person's sins and failings before others.

IF YOU WANT to be miserable, think about yourself, about what you want, what you like, what respect should be paid you, and what others think and say about you.

FINANCE ITEMS

By MAJOR J. READ.

AT LAST we begin to breathe a bit more freely round Headquarters. It has been no small task to get off all the printed matter in connection with Self-Denial, but it has gone, thank God! The Provincials write in high glee, and no doubt will each go far away their set targets. May Providence favor them! Then the D. O.'s, too, write full of holy courage and sanguine expectation. For full particulars as to what they say, will readers kindly turn over the pages of this and former issues of the "Cry," for this periodical is just brim full of all kinds of hints and ideas on this special line. No P. O., D. O., or F. O. need be in the dark as to how to arrange all and every kind of special meeting during this special week. Hurrah for S.-D.!

NOW THAT S.-D. is under weigh, poor old Lazarus must come to the fore. The brave Provincial Agents have been speeding ahead and perhaps a few particulars about their work and success will help the scheme. The British Columbia District is having urgent attention, and when the G. B. M. Scheme is properly launched out there amongst those liberal west enders, great financial results must follow. In all probability Ensign McDonald will look after the interests of Lazarus at the coast. Adjutant Mudge has struck oil and means to stay in the big cities for several days together. Consequently, Brockville, Montreal, Quebec, and Ottawa will get the benefit of the Adjutant's presence, and the social work will be minutely assisted. "I drove forty-six miles last week," writes the Adjutant God bless him! He reports very favorably on the lantern. We are just contemplating getting out a very special G. B. M. box for the corps in the States. It will be a beauty, with appropriate design.

THEN OUR WORTHY BROTHER, Captain Pugh, is not one with behind. He is doing his best, being ably assisted by his wife, whose heart is wrapped up in the needy. Mrs. Pugh is giving special attention to St. John, and getting the citizens roused up. The Captain also reports favorably upon the lantern, and finds it a great auxiliary to his work. Ensign Ross has returned from his tour round the North-Eastern part of the G. O. P., and has had fair success. Captain Scotchman means to make it warm for the lantern. His hunger for boxes has been appeased, so now look out, ye other P.A.'s, or Sidney will yet get the better of you all. His blood is up! Captain Bailey is away off in the Far West doing all he can pioneering round Lethbridge and the Lake Superior District. May he meet with big success!

A NEAT LITTLE CARD permit will soon be printed and issued to each Local Agent of the L. B. Scheme. It will be their written authority to open boxes, and collect the money thereon. This has been a long-felt need. More special meetings are to be arranged for the different officers on Headquarters' Staff, while the Staff Band will be fully employed. These "boys" meet with good success wherever they go. District Officers should be careful to see that the neat little lantern posters are sent to each corps and village to be visited by the P.A., as also the tickets. Don't forget to secure a church.

SELF-DENIAL WILL PROVE YOUR LOVE TO JESUS AND THE FAITHFUL.

Local Officers' Column.

A CORPS TREASURER

TELLS A TOUCHING

S.-D. STORY!

AS A RULE, Salvationists, both of flesh and soldiers, know what self-denial is. They quite understand it, not only talk about it, write about it, but also PRACTISE it, and enjoy the blessings which result from it. Indeed, I often feel that offering little or much to the Lord of that which costs us nothing, and which can be quite easily spared, and the donor never feel the want of it, is not giving to the Lord what is acceptable, and which carries a blessing with it and leaves a rich blessing with the giver.

JUST LOOK at the Social work of the Salvation Army. See how by the plans laid down by our beloved General so little money is made to do so much, to go so far, and feed, and clothe, and provide work for so great a multitude of men, women and children. Hundreds of poor little hungry children, in the great city of London and other places, get only one meal a day during the winter season, and that is the farthing breakfast, provided by the Salvation Army, which consists of a large mug of cocoa and a substantial bun. Alas! they have only empty cupboards at home. That is, if they are so fortunate as to have a shelter called home.

OH, HOW MY HEART was pained the winter I spent in Glasgow by the sights I witnessed and the tales of sorrow, want, and misery that were poured into my ears. Hard indeed would that heart have been that could have remained unmoved.

MY FELLOW CREATURES, STARVING, HELPLESS, HOMELESS, in many cases the bread-winner, the husband, sick in the hospital, wife and helpless children thrown out on the streets, glad and thankful to get fourpence given them to get under some sort of a shelter at night—I need to think, Oh, God, how long shall this horrible state of things last? While the rich are so well supplied with their wealth in luxuries and debaucheries, betting, gambling, etc., GOD'S POOR, His chosen ones, are dying of want. Beloved comrades, if we had our hundreds, we would gladly give them, would we not?

S.-D. — Nov. 30 to Dec. 7. — S.-D.

But as we have not, oh, let us do all in our power, let us be up and doing, this Self-Denial, do more than we ever did before; throw our energies into the collecting. Try all we possibly can to squeeze the money out of those who either waste it upon themselves, or hold it with a tight grip that it is impossible to get them to give a trifle to the Lord.

I HAD A NICE little bit of experience re Self-Denial when last in the Old Country. I was staying with a Staff-Officer who had a wife and three children. He decided to give up a small weekly salary Self-Denial Week. Well, of course, that meant no money for bread, and the little ones, as well as the big ones, would get hungry that week as well as any other. And the blessed Lord, knowing that, put it into the heart of some one, many miles away, to send us a box of provisions, nice ones, too, so that we were all fed. Praise Him for ever!

For my own part, Self-Denial Week I was very short of money, but had a few shillings to buy a garment which I really needed to keep me warm, but I decided to do without it and give the money to Self-Denial. Lo and behold to my great astonishment, in a few days a parcel arrived by train from a distance containing the identical article I needed, made and ready to put on, and of such good material that it will last for years, sent, too, by one who did not know I needed it particularly, and further knew nothing of the transaction. Jesus assures us that even the spail of cold water given in His name shall not lose us reward.

M. F. HALL.

They believe not who throng Him: they believe who touch.

STORY!

Salvationists, both of
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quite understand it.
about it, write about
ACTISE it, and enjoy
which result from it.
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want of it, is not giv-
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does a blessing with it
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CEAM

Our worthy comrade is a real blood-and-fire Salvationist. He will proclaim his salvation with no uncertain sound if he happens to come your way.

He has stood by the line through the thick of the fight, and has seen some battles. He takes a very marked interest in the financing of the corps as Treasurer. He is for honoring Self-Denial and helping Wingham to reach their target.

**Says a Few Words about
his S.-D. Prospects.**

Again we are on the eve of our S-I, and we are believing to do a big thing. Our target for the district is \$625, to be divided among the eight corps thus: Twillingate, \$150; Puley's Island, \$150; Tilt Cove, \$50; Little Bay, \$40; Buttonwoodville, \$40; Morton's Harbor, \$40; Jackson's Cove, \$35; Exploits, \$20. Now you will see that there are three corps with the same target: Captain Hampton, of Tilt Cove, who was champion in the H. P., Captain Couper, who did well at Puley's Island, and Twillingate. I think there will be

A HARD PILL

between those three. No doubt Captain Blomquist will try and keep to the top, and I'm sure, with a crowd of blood-and-fire soldiers behind her, she will hit well. Captain Cooper, although defeated in H. P. 1, is a very good shot, and I think he will be a D. Now, Pilley's island braves, as in for all you're worth and see if you cannot beat Pitt Cove. Of course Twillminte will do their best to leave all corners of the island. I think I will go to Little Bay, Captain Snow, of Hattow's Harbor, each have a target of \$40. I think each one will strive hard to get the most. I think I will go to see what they say about Jackson's Cove, with Lieut. Bishop at the wheel? I expect some of the other corps will have to look out. The target is \$35. Now, Lieut. Knight, can you get the most? I am sure you can. I think I will go to see what they say about the \$17. There win is Exploits, with Lieut. Hiseock, who

NEARLY DOUBLED HIS TARGET

at 11 P. He will do his best to strike his target, which is only \$20. Now, Lieutenant, with New Bay Head and Northern Harbor to help you, see if you cannot leave Ltnt. Bishop away off on the lee.—Harry Freeman, En.

**SELF-DENIAL WEEK, Nov.
30 to Dec. 7.**

Oh, Dives, clad in purple, hear our
cry!
Sin-sick and sore, 'e'en at thy gate
we lie,
Thou and day long:
Within, thou drinkest of the wine of
mirth
And eatest freely of the joys of earth,
Mid lust and song.
Oh, Dives, Dives, see our sad estate!
Behold, we perish, lying at thy gate!
Will thou not heed?

And turn thee unto God, lest thou
own soul
Be damned through greed!

**THE GENERAL'S
FAREWELL - TO - SOUTH - AFRICA.**
Great Meeting in Good Hope Hall.

GLOWING EXPOSITION OF HIS SOCIAL SCHEME—SIR GORDON SPRIGGS PRESIDES—CROWDED AND ENTHUSIASTIC AUDIENCE.

SIR GORDON SPRIGGS occupied the chair in Good Hope, Cape Town, at the General's last great South African meeting. He said the General was probably the greatest traveller in the world, and spoke of his world-wide travelling in the cause of Christ, and of the General's habit of viewing mankind in his schemes for their welfare with the practical eye of a man of business.

The applause which greeted the General as he rose to address the meeting was loud and prolonged. He was to speak of the Salvation Army, but he would like to get outside its operations and speak of the great principles which he thought must be adopted by the community at large if it was to do anything effectual

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE SUB-MERGED TENTH.

He had been to all parts of the world, and found in a greater or less degree much the same state of affairs as those which caused him to draw up his scheme for alleviating the distresses of the poor of London.

They lived, in South Africa, he went on to say, the seeds of vice, poverty, and starvation, from which a hellish harvest would be reaped by-and-by. He had also gone on to Australia and found the same slums as existed in London. The same thing existed in America. The New York daily said that thousands of men, women and children in that country were in such an emaciated, as well as filthy condition, as to excite the pity of any one who saw them. He had seen them in Norway, Sweden, Germany, etc., perhaps not in the same proportions, but it existed all the same. It was everywhere, he said, and he had no way to relieve such evil, but few there were who cared; and it was everybody's business. The "miserable" he looked upon as

HIS CLIENTS.

who could not plead for themselves. While speaking of the Rescue Work, the General related a story of a young girl of 14 who had gone astray when a servant upon a farm in England, and had consequently been received with scorn by her family and her friends. She turned aside into a wood and took the life of her little child, so that it should never feel the mercy of the world. There followed all the usual consequences, the hue and cry, the trial, the sentence of death—committed to penal servitude. A pardon had been subsequently obtained on one condition: the House Secretary insisted that the Salvation Army should take charge of her. (Applause.) The Army had received her into their

Another story told the history of the General's boot-maker. This man was once a boy who had unwittingly participated in a burglary, and "done" twelve months' imprisonment. The lad had subsequently obtained a pardon, but upon his antecedents leaking out, he had been discharged. At that juncture he had

FOUR COURSES OPEN TO HIM

He could starve, jump into the river, work or steal. It was easy enough to begin this starving hushness, but it was the going on with it where the difficulty came in. (Laughter.) Then as to jumping into the water. It was not everybody that had the pluck to do that, even to rid society of their presence. (Renewed laughter.) Consequently this man, as no other course seemed open to him, as no one would give him work, again resolved to steal. He was caught, performed

18 months' work, and went burglar-
ing again. And so he went on till he
had done 20 years in prison. Then,
with a spirit maddened against all
laws, he had met with some members
of the Army, and had been saved. He
supposed they must have been battle
officers with their benevolent looking
faces in those

BEAUTIFUL HALLELUJAH BON-
NETS.

which made women look so attractive. (Laughter.) They took this man in hand, and put him to one of the shelters, and I believe he became soundly converted. (Hallelujah.) His salvation was lasting; at any rate. It had lasted four years, and the General walked about the world in the boots of that man's manufacture to see if he could not produce some sympathy for his class. It was five years ago that the Darkest England Scheme plan was first published, and though every effort had been put forth, after all they were only beginners; but

GOD HAD WROUGHT FOR THEM
MARVELLOUSLY.

The scheme had only contemplated Enclaud in the first instance, but it had been extended to other countries, and there was no doubt that every country in the world would ultimately recognize that the Army's scheme was a scheme of social reclamation was the only one to deal with the criminal classes. (Applause.) Under the scheme they treated two classes—those who were there from their own misfortune, damned into the world, and those who were under such a set of circumstances as to make it impossible for their moral destruction certain. What were Governments for if not for making a way out of their miseries for the class of people? There was the other class of people who were sufferers through their own fault—people who had slipped. But

SUFFERING DID NOT DETER MEN

from a repetition of their offenses. Had the army plan of rescuing those people succeeded? It had succeeded. It had been successful because they believed in the power of human love. He believed they had rescued thousands of drunks, and something like 90 per cent of the criminals who had come to the penitentiary reformed and became honest and industrious. (Applause.) Their success among fallen women had also been most encouraging, a large percentage of those passing through their hands being taken up when about 21,000 a year had been changed, and now led good lives. (loud cheers.) This was

THE MOST DIFFICULT WORK

of all, the reformation of fallen women, but after three years and they had pronounced the girls reformed and over seventy per cent. had passed through the three years' trial satisfactorily. Then there were the indolent; seventy per cent. also of this class had been reformed, and were working in homes or in the shops, leaving the criminal classes, be thought their prisons should be self-supporting, and as for those coming under the Salvation Army, they never received a meal unless they worked for it. The City Colony was called into the City Colony for the first reception of the submerged. Many of the reformed inmates went back to their homes or their work that they had forsaken; but the residue was sent to enter an industrial class of the prison, and what they called the Social Hall.

He did not know as yet where his great colony was to be, but he believed that before he died God would point out to him the place for it.

WHEN THE SCHEME WAS STARTED

help was given in the most lavish manner, but afterwards the help from outside fell off. After all, they were only in the beginning of the scheme, but they had achieved already marvellous results. The Scheme was introduced in the first instance to emigrate to England, but the merits he claimed for it had led to its being adopted throughout many other countries, and he believed that eventually such a scheme as he had proposed would be found to be the best for achieving the object in view.

They had raised more than 1,800 men, many of them from the ranks of those who were to go out to save. And they had 272 institutions in which those officers worked to help those submerged people they must supply their immediate wants—if hungry, they must be fed; if naked, clothed; if homeless, sheltered. They had their cheap food depots, where 50,000 daily were fed. A meal for a child was sold for a farthing; for an adult a half-penny.

SHELTERS AT HOME

They had shelters, and now no man need sleep in the streets of London. (Applause.) Each night 10,000 slept in their shelters; 5,000 in London shelters alone. But they gave nothing for nothing in the Salvation Army. For a penny they gave a shelter, where a man could spend a night in a well-heated room, with hot and cold water, in which he could be washed, and he got a piece of bread when he left in the morning.

Governments should put out a hand to make a way out for these child

WHAT WERE GOVERNMENTS FOR? and who better able to lend a hand? An help was of any use except on the basis of reformation. Punishment was no good. One old man in England had forty years' hard labor out of sixty, and he had sworn never to do any work in spite of the lash and imprisonment. But the Army had got hold of that man and reformed him, and got him to work. Everybody worked in the Army, and worked in the Army because they believed in the power of love, sympathy and Divine goodness. The captain must be the noblest, the fallen woman chaste, and the idle man to work.

The Rev. Robson, in an interesting speech, during which he exhibited in his hand a photograph of the notorious Dan Schloss, who had been saved by the Army after spending forty years in prison, and was now engaged at the prison gates in London trying to get other ex-guol-birds under the Army's influence, moved a vote of thanks to the General for his address.

The proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to the chairman, which was proposed and put to the motion by the General.

The General then said: "Rimutaka or New Zealand, says a correspondent, and as the tender parted from the shore, the General and his staff were on the upper deck. He looked weary, yet with an invincible courage he was taking in everything that was passing. As the distance increased, the sound of the fervent 'God bless you!' gradually grew fainter and fainter. They failed to reach their ears, but the General's handkerchiefs continued. Before we were lost to sight the General, in whose heart the hope for Africa's salvation burns brightly, was seen actually committing his hand to the officers whom he had entrusted with this glorious mission."





A FRIEND IN NEED

is Mrs. Green, of Hildesheim. She acts as "Light Brigade" agent for that pretty little place, has two daughters officers in the Northwest, and loves the S.A. sincerely. She also loves this special work and means to make her share of the L. B. Scheme in great success.

Surmisings about S.-D.

IN W. O. P.

Hats off! Stand erect! Take breath! The race is on. They are coming. What's going to be at the front? Oh, if that dear man, the editor, would only give me two columns instead of one, wouldn't I tell you a few things! Anyway, I'll tell you one or two, the truth of which I find in my very bones.

\$3,450 is our Canada, and we can get it. I'm sure we can, for we've conquered in them that "we passed." Now, let me see you down while I tell you how 'tis to be done.

There are nine districts in the Province, which are conducted by nine brave, fearless and tried D. O.'s. Seven of these are married, two are single. One of the latter is a young, modest, shining, Salvation, Old Country BOY; the other a straightforward, whole-hearted, Salvation, Scotch GIRL. Who knows what they may ultimately mean? But I mustn't be too personal. I'll exclude the lot of these heavens.

ADJUTANT HELMS LONDON district, which last year, under Major Collier, made a significant rise. This year the district is down for \$775, but I have a notion that he is going to array himself and his district in battle against two other great fights and their soldiers, and then the game will fire and the smoke of battle will rise.

QUINCE.

may have its disadvantages. These we shall endeavor to turn into advantages. Instead of having one Ensign we may have two, and sure then we shall hear the rattle of the S.-D. chariot wheels rolling on to take the target of \$600.

ADJUTANT CARR IN AT CHATHAM.

His record as a S.-D. doomer is A1. "As sure as gum" he'll do his best to demolish the Quince target, and although his territory is not quite so comprehensive as either London, Quince, Stratford, or Windsor, you see if he does not go in for a gallop to the front. The figure is \$320.

WINDSOR.

however, is to be put on its metal. \$985 is not such a great figure when you remember that the Desperadoes are to be in the district, etc. How could it therefore be otherwise than that Chatham, Stratford and other places be left behind by Millyen?

PETEROLA.

My, what a stride for L. F. they made! If "each victory will help you some other to win," then look out, Simcoe, and you other dear braves. \$940 is the bound which will soon get terrorized and caught when placed before a Hunter.

But if these Miller were to send a challenge to all his old comrades in the Province, the following corps, to

my knowledge, would be affected—Chatham, Quince, London, Stratford, Patroa W. Woodstock, Windsor, as well as Simcoe, which is down for \$800. STRATFORD'S STANDARD IS \$430.

The Scotch Ensign will wave it high and victorious in her own coming way, but I must remind the Scotch Ensign nevertheless, that her district centre last year was also charged by the Scotch, and how the battle will come out can only be told later on.

PALMERSTON'S D. O.

had money collected for S.-D. If I am not mistaken, in September. Powell believes in "getting there" and if I am not mistaken is almost there by now. Will he stop at \$300?

DRESIDEN

is not to be behind, either. The district will go for \$200, and it takes a few Barro's sometimes before a fellow can see stars. J.E.M.

C.O.P. PROSPECTS FOR S.D.

A GLANCE ALL OVER THE PROVINCE.

Champions and Challenges.

WEST TORONTO DISTRICT, with the wise man from the East, ENSIGN BYERS, at its head, has to raise \$577. And EAST TORONTO DISTRICT, with the gallant woman warrior from the far West, ENSIGN LOWRY, at its head, has to raise \$985. Now, then, for a desperate conflict! Which shall be the conqueror? Will either of them reach the round \$1,000?

Then comes the AMBITIOUS CITY DISTRICT, \$530 is the mark for this crowd of people in an easy task, I should say, ENSIGN McLEAY. Why not challenge your old western comrade, Ensign Byers? You have as many people.

Next comes the BARBIE DISTRICT. Here's another noble woman warrior, ENSIGN SCARLE, who, I am sure, has faith that her share of the \$1,000 shall be reached and gone past. \$130 is the amount.

LINDSAY DISTRICT comes next on the list. Two real tried warriors lend on here, who have conquered in many a battle, ENSIGN and MISS MALTBY'S share is \$425. Now, Lindsay District, see if you cannot defeat Barrie!

Next on the list is the new district, SEDHURRY. Here is another old and tried woman warrior, ENSIGN GIBBS, the hero of many victories, who will lead her northern comrades and friends on to certain victory in reaching the goal of \$375.

Now another northern district added to the C. O. P. since last S.-D.—OWEN SOUND is the place. ENSIGN GREEN'S share is \$280. Brave, northern comrades! Rally to your leader's assistance and score a grand and glorious victory.

The great summer resort district is next. BRACEBRIDGE is the spot. Here is an old warrior of many years' standing, ENSIGN AICKETT, with a lot of young blood around him as officers, who, I am sure, will help their chief to reach the modest sum of \$275.

Next comes the COLLINGWOOD DISTRICT. Who has not heard of its great leader, ENSIGN BLACKBURN, one of the oldest officers in Canada? He will leave no stone unturned in reaching his chief's eye of \$265.

NOW, ENSIGNS GREEN, AICKETT and BLACKBURN, which of you shall wear the laurels in reaching the round \$900! Oh, for some holy rivalry!

Next comes BOWMANVILLE. Now, my dear old comrades and friends, rally to the help of your brave and loyal leader, ENSIGN TAYLOR, in reaching the mark of \$300 for the district.

Last on the boards is the GARDEN CITY DISTRICT, St. Catharines, with

ADJUTANT MILLER at the head. This should be an easy task for the great fruit-growing people. \$175 is the target. Some years ago there was a great battle, the north against the south. Now, cannot we have one in 1895, the Southern district, St. Kitts, against the Northern district, Collingwood? Oh, for a hand-to-hand conflict!

Now, ye D. O.'s, P. O.'s, soldiers, friends, and everybody else, will you deny yourself in helping us to reach the mark, and so roll on the Gospel chariot, till every sinner is saved?

ADJUTANT AYRE.

POPULAR FALLACIES

About Flesh.

There are a number of fallacies floating about the country concerning flesh food, and as many of the delusions are popular and wide-spread, people on that account often believe in them. My purpose in writing this article is to destroy some of these delusions, by relating the full facts of the case. The first and greatest fallacy is that meat, or the flesh of animals, is a necessity for man. Three-quarters of the world's inhabitants at the present day rarely touch flesh, fish, or fowl, but draw most of their nourishment directly from the vegetable kingdom. The flesh of animals contains nothing that cannot be got better, cheaper and purer—fruits, cereals, pulse, nuts and vegetables. Flesh is only grass, or other vegetable matter, secondhand, and as for being the essence of vegetable substance, it is not. On the contrary, flesh is poor in sustaining qualities, and contains little nourishment. Meat contains nearly

TWELVE OUNCES OF IMPURE WATER

in the pound. A pound of peas, beans, lentils, or oatmeal, barley, rye, Indian meal, wheat-meal, millet or buck-wheat is equal to four pounds of fresh meat in food value; and one pound of these foods will give more force to the body for hard work than four pounds of flesh will. Let my readers try the experiment, and flesh will lose its hold on their minds as being a food of much value. After solid flesh we will consider meat soups and essences. These are regarded as being very nourishing; in fact, they are looked upon as if they contained all the nutriment of meat in a small space. This is another delusion. Beef tea, mutton broth, chicken broth, rabbit broth, skin of beef soup, veal broth, horril, and all the rest of the animal soups and broths contain very little nutriment. They contain less nutriment than an equal quantity of milk, and a great deal less nutriment than an equal quantity of well-made oatmeal or wheatmeal gruel. For soups to be at all nourishing, they must be thickened with peas, beans, lentils, barley, oatmeal, rice, etc.

As for meat essences, they are more than useless, as they contain waste matter of all sorts which floods the system with stuff it cannot use. The use of animal broths and meat essences in sickness will tend to keep the person ill longer than if he never took them at all. As for oxtail, turtle, and other like soups, they must all be put down as very poor and very dear articles of diet. As for chicken, lamb, and poultry, being light foods, they take on the contrary, even more time to digest than plain beef or mutton, and are not one bit more nourishing. Lastly we have fish fallacies, that fish is

GOOD BRAIN FOOD,

or that it is lighter food than meat. It is not a lighter brain food than meat, does not contain more phosphorus, but it is a little easier of digestion as it contains more water, and is, therefore, more easily broken up by the gastric and other juices.

For brain-work fish is inferior to wheatmeal bread, which really contains phosphates in abundance. If such fish as salmon, eels and mackerel are eaten, then the effect is like eating fat meat, as their flesh contains so much oil. Weight for weight, fish, flesh or fowl contain less nutriment than good wheatmeal bread.

DR. T. R. ALLINGTON.



This is the picture of

MRS. CUTTING,

or "Mother" Cutting, of Essex Centre, who sincerely and practically favors the "Light Brigade" work. She is evidently winning, too, and Cry readers will pray for her future success. Watch every box holder, dear Mrs. Cutting, and you will conquer.

Hurrah! the P.P. Aroused.

MACDONALD CHALLENGES THE PROVINCE!

Being backed up by Captain Stewart, Cadet Griffith, the local officers, bandmen and soldiers of the corps, and depending upon the generosity of the people of this city, I hereby challenge Victoria, or any other corps in the Pacific Province, to raise more money than Vancouver Self-Denial Week.

(Signed) ALEN. MACDONALD, Ensign, Vancouver.

Self-Denial Victories.

BY ADJUTANT TURNER.

Recollections of last year's battle and victory come up before me as I write these few lines.

I think the chief reasons for the victory of the district I had up the oversight of last year I summed up as follows:—

EVERYONE HAD A MIND TO WORK.

Like good Nehemiah of old, we all became builders in the "wall," and with everybody set on fire and prepared to sacrifice, the battle was thoroughly enjoyed.

The officers were very enthusiastic over the matter, the locals and bandmen took it up with a will, the soldiers were by no means behind, and with each unity of action a grand victory was scored.

One of the main things for a universal S.-D. victory is to get our people to believe in self-sacrifice.

A great number of people say they cannot sacrifice anything, but when they really get interested, it is surprising how many things they find that they can really give up.

I believe in self-denial for many reasons, among which are:—

1st—Because it brings me in touch with the Spirit of my Master.

2nd—Because by it a greater amount of money can be raised than would otherwise not be got together for the furtherance of the war.

3rd—Because by denying one's self it makes you more fitted to help others into the way of the cross.

4th—There is nothing calculated to stir up the unconverted mind to seek after salvation, and the unsatisfied to seek after holiness, than to see exemplified in others the true self-sacrificing spirit.

The Pacific Coast Corp. under Major Haplin's leadership, is a live, bright, spicy affair. A power of success to you, Major H.

War Cry

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF
THE SALVATION ARMY
IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

A journal devoted to the salvation of the lost and
the propagation of the gospel, together with the propaga-
tion of the Salvation War in all places.
Address all communications to the Editor, Salva-
tion Army Headquarters, Toronto.

MRS. BOOTH has again suffered a serious relapse. We can hardly realize how difficult it must be for her to submit to the absolute quiet that has to be enforced, especially with the active, tireless spirit, and her profound interest in the affairs of the whole Dominion, as well as her more immediate branches of the war. God strengthen her. This is self-denial to her of a most unenviable character.

THE SALVATION ARMY makes no apology for its presence in the world. Indeed, its value to our whole humanity is so patent that it has received expressions of the favor of all classes, including Queen Victoria, and all the way down to the starving descendants of Lazarus, whose presence still at the gate is at once civilization's huge disgrace and the Army's most pressing call to action.

OF ALL PLACES in which to try that system of opposition to the Army which makes a cat's-paw of the law, Ontario is, we think, amongst the MOST unlikeliest. There is sense, and in many cases grace, in the average Ontario man, and all are possessed of a respect for religion which would view with no favor the attempt to work up a case against the Army's street work. Hamilton is the latest scene of an action of this sort, which has, however, done to the only fitting flash, such a foolish charge could, Magistrate Jelfs, who dismissed the case, will probably have the approval of 999 out of every 1,000 Hamiltonians in the wise decision to which he came.

IN THIS CONNECTION we would suggest to officious functionaries everywhere that they think twice before they act in their legal capacity against the Salvation Army, for they will have more than the score or so people adding a meeting on the roadside to deal with. Those few people represent a big organization, which knows what it is doing, which WILL NOT SURRENDER its right to do Christ's work in the streets, and in this respect is backed up by universal public sentiment, which cannot be disregarded.

THE HARMONIC HURRICANEERS AT PARRY SOUND.

Eight Souls in the Methodist Church.

For some time the bills had been out announcing that the Harmonic Hurricaneers were going to visit us, and the people were all on the quiver of expectation. Sunday morning about eight o'clock strains of salvation music were heard, together with the voice of Pack's Bad Boy (converted), announcing wonderful things at the Union hall. A heart-ravelling time at the holiness meeting. In the afternoon Capt. Woodrich and Sister Morris sang, "My Lord Delivered Up Daniel," to the great delight of the people. Jack, Walter and little Lilla's singing and playing were much appreciated. At night the hall was packed, many having to stand. God came very near. Monday night Major Howell arrived, much to the delight of all. On Tuesday the Methodist kindly loaned us their church, which was nicely filled. Professor Little took charge of the organ and rendered some fine selections. Major sang in typical satisfying song. Capt. Woodrich and Sister Morris favored us with one of their famous duets. Major Howell read from God's word and drew in the net. Our hearts were made to rejoice by seeing edified precious souls try to find for mercy.

MAGGIE.

VANCOUVER. While our Indian comrades were holding an opposite at Port Eslington recently an orange slinger, of the Anglo Saxon type, with a large knife in his hand, made a rush at the drumhead, but his evil intent was foiled by an Indian soldier, who threw himself over the head of the drum. Seeing himself defeated, he seized the drumstick from the hand of the drummer and threw it into the air.



Brother and Sister Tait, and Son, Some of our Indian Soldiers at Fort Simpson. A comrade describes them as "Out-and-out Salvationists."

Three Indian comrades came down from the north last Saturday seeking enrolment under the yellow, red, and blue. They came to Ensign McDonald with good credentials. After a prolonged interview Ensign concluded they were well saved and fit subjects for enrolment.

The Indians are bound to be Salvationists. They will come to the Army if the Army will not go to them.

C. TOSSILL.

Self-Denial

WELL IN HAND IN NORTH-WESTERN PROVINCE.

This is What Major Bennett Says.

S-D PLANS and schemes are well in hand up here in the North-Western Province. Our target, as you will already know, is \$4,000, but we have taken this burden upon us, and the yoke, which is not the most easy, has been placed upon the shoulders of the officers and their corps, and the districts, and the D. O's, and I have not heard one corps or officer say the target that has been fixed for them is too heavy or high, but we are all getting down to work, and mean victory at any cost.

GRAND FORKS.

The following are the district targets:—GRAND FORKS district, ENSIGN GALE, D.O., \$850. The Ensign says he will get this without a doubt, and his faith runs high. I think so, too. Ensign has a fine district, with a good prospect of an engagement. Let us hope he will have the glory of getting his district up to a THOUSAND DOLLARS. Grand Forks alone is a fine city, and we have a splendid corps of blood-and-fire warriors here who will take second place to no corps in the Province.

BRANDON DISTRICT.

Captain Walton is in charge here. Target fixed at \$850. There are five corps in this district to raise this amount, and it will keep them all their time hustling to get there, but with such a crowd of soldiers as we have at these corps we shall win, no doubt. Now, Captain Walton, you with your noble officers and soldiers, must have victory. The wheat will help you to get it.

WINNIPEG DISTRICT.

Adjutant Rawlings runs this, and he will have to get a move on to get his target, which is \$700, but then with such a corps and a lot of soldiers as he has at Winnipeg, with Ensign Goodwin at the head, he will come off more than conqueror.

CALGARY DISTRICT.

This is run from Winnipeg. Their target is \$450. There are two corps in this district. One is \$300 miles from P.H.Q., while the other is about 1,000 miles away, but the officers and soldiers are good stuff, and can be relied upon, and I have every confidence in them getting their target.

RAT PORTAGE DISTRICT.

Captain Hewitt is in charge of this district. The target is \$450. There are four corps in this district, and with a good struggle the target will be struck. Comrades, you must finish on the top. I believe the officers and corps are one to get there.

REGINA DISTRICT.

This district has not got a D.O. yet, but is run from P.H.Q. Their target for the four corps is \$400, and I know I can rely upon the officers straining every nerve to get their corps target. Comrades, "to the front, the cry is ringing," victory must be ours.

FARGO DISTRICT.

There is only one corps there at present, but we are opening another on the 1st of this month, and there is a splendid chance of some more fine towns, some of which we hope to open at a very early date. The target for this district is \$275, and Ensign Hughes is the district officer. Every possible effort will be put forth to get it.

Now, officers and soldiers, I trust you all have got on the armor, and that your sword is well sharpened, and that your power is dry. Spare not, but attack everlastingly until they yield up something for S-D. I have heard of a soldier in this Province who has got a target for \$125. Beat this, ye warriors bold, if you can. H.L.

Correspondence.

McLean, of Hamilton, Summoned for Obstruction.

60 Napier St., Hamilton.

Dear Major, Capt. Brinsley, George Tucker (drumner), and myself received summonses to appear at the Police Court this morning to answer to a charge of obstruction last Monday night. We appeared, and pleaded not guilty, and asked to have the trial postponed until Monday, which was granted. I will tell you the circumstances. We went to the corner of James and Rebecca streets and started our meeting. A crowd, not exceeding fifty people, stood around, not blocking the sidewalk on James street, for people passed up and down while our meeting was going on, and the charge is for obstruction on James street sidewalk. Now, we were on Rebecca, and about eight feet from the inside of James street sidewalk, and the sidewalk on James street is eleven feet wide, so we have a good clear case. I remain, faithfully yours, A. McLEAN.



BANDMASTER AND MRS. POPE, London.

The above bandmaster was to the front on a recent Sunday morning and had the band parade the streets of London previous to 7 a.m. knee-drill. The bonny spirit of the West Ontario Province has possessed him and his

dear wife, and as a result you may be sure they will figure prominently, together with the band, in the self-denial battle now upon us, in helping Ensign Richardson win his laurels for Ontario.

GRATTON, N. D.—Oh, yes, it's getting better," when started up, muffled Mrs. Freeman's dander. The words are quite true, and we are praying day after day there is power in the blood of Jesus to save souls and to keep also. Bless His name.—E. Kemp, Capt., L. Gibbs, Lieut.

DISMISSED!

Hamilton Obstruction Case.

MARCH ON, SALVATION ARMY!

Hamilton, Nov. 11, '95.

Police Court case for Obstruction dismissed this a.m., by Magistrate Jelfs. He stated he "knew the Army were doing good," etc.

Yours, etc.,
LANDERS,
Corps Sec'y.

Hamilton I., Ont.

S. D. Challenges Up to Date.

THE CHALLENGE!

Ensign Rennie, in charge of St. John I., Nfld, challenges any corps, from Halifax to London, Ont., to beat them by raising more S-D. money.

THE ACCEPTANCE!

Ensign Richardson, in charge of London, Ont., accepts the challenge.
"God bless the combatants!"

A SINGLE-HANDED CONTEST!

Ensign Rennie also challenges any Staff Officer, in charge of a District, to collect more money than she does for S-D.
Will anyone pick up the gauntlet?

WARRIOR FOR McDONALD!

Ensign McDonald, in charge of Vancouver, B.C., challenges Victoria, or any other corps in the Pacific Province, to raise more money for S-D.

It is useless to expect peace of heart without entire surrender to God. You can't derive effective results from a temptation to shoot a gun or just sit still.

Nov. 30th
To Dec. 7th.

A TRIUMPH of SELF-DENIAL

GRACE DARLING!

A SELF-DENIAL STORY THAT
THRILLS WITH INTEREST.

BY THE COMMANDANT.

Grace Darling is a name written in indelible letters upon the brain and heart of the past and the present generation. It was one simple act of heroism wrote it there.

AN UNFLINCHING RALLY TO
DUTY

In the face of death. The story has been so often told that to retell it seems a vain repetition, but this is the hour when such records help in our path of self-denial. Let us therefore give it again, and see what lesson we can learn from the telling.

The North Sunderland Lighthouse stands upon a rugged promontory on the north-east coast of England. Few spots around that surf-beaten island are more subject to the wild caprices of the ocean storm, and never a gleam cast upon the troubled waves, of all the coast-lights of Britain, has been more anxiously looked for or more heartily hailed, than that which illumines the rocks just north of the Weir.

In September, 1838, the lighthouse was habited solely by a man named Darling, and a girl of some twenty-two summers, his only daughter. On the particular night in question, a gale was beating up, which soon lashed the waves into foam, hurling them against the lighthouse.

TILL ITS FOUNDATIONS FAIRLY
SHOOK.

It was the storm that heralded the father and daughter to the stupendous act of their lives.

In the year 1838 steamers were not made as they are now, and the "Forfarshire," bound from Hull to Dundee with a considerable number of passengers, found it more than she could do to make headway against such an ocean torrent. In a fatal moment her machinery gave out, and helpless before the wind she drifted to the rocky shore, and struck where the Sunderland light shot through the darkness ahead of her.

The day broke, and with its silver dawn the keeper and his daughter were astir, scanning the shore for any signs of distress or any signs of the night's devastation. Straight ahead of them loomed above the crested billows the misty form of the "Forfarshire" on the rocks, with her passengers and crew clanking into the rigging and raising signals of distress. Between the lighthouse and these imperilled mariners lay an awful abyss of seething waters.

What could be done? There was but a frail boat, which Darling, the keeper, felt sure could never live in such a sea, and besides, the greater difficulty presented itself—there was but one oarsman, and that was himself. The difficulties of the situation had all but overcome the keeper when Grace, his daughter,

STRICKEN WITH HORROR

at the picture before her, urged him to attempt the rescue, and volunteered to go herself. The impartiality of the gentle girl cast the last weight which turned the wavering balance, and the boat was hoisted from its resting-place. Then was enacted a scene which has thrilled the hearts of millions. Artists have painted it, poets versed it, composers written it.

talkers depicted it, while the whole civilized world has applauded. Grace Darling, that gentle girl of twenty-two, holding back the fear of her throbbing heart, actually takes her place in the boat, which anyone who dreads for thought or controversy would surely have concluded was

A COFFIN FOR A WATERY GRAVE.

She is caught on the crest of a mad billow and flung from sight. Again she appears from out the trough of the sea, now pulling with all the vigor of her woman's zeal and her woman's love. The wreck is reeled, and seven precious souls are hauled into the boat and rowed back to the warmth and comfort of the lighthouse hearth and home. They were the only seven saved, and all that

saved them was the bravery of that noble girl and her noble father.

Now, what has all this to teach us? It is a text from actual life. By the conduct of Grace Darling we may learn three things.—

1.—HER COURAGE WAS GREATER
THAN HER NATURAL WEAKNESS.

Naturally, physically, mentally she was only a weak girl. The difficulties confronting her were all but impossible of overcoming. Had she stayed to think or consider, she would have found she had no strength for the rowing of such waters, no constitution for the braving of such elements, no nerve for the holding out against so great a strain of circumstances. She would have found herself but a woman trying to fight a

hurricane, a weak girl trying to attack a lioness! But she gave herself no time for such thoughts. Rather she handed herself over to the stronger impulse of her courage. The brave spirit within her carried all before it.

Now, so must we act in this Self-Denial battle. Let no one start to measure up his weakness. It is for you to dare, it is for God to enable you to do it. Darling is three-fourths of the battle. My brother, my sister, you will surprise yourself if you can but get up courage. God give us all more holy courage.

2.—THE SENSE OF DUTY IN THIS
GIRL WAS GREATER THAN THE
SENSE OF FEAR.

See how much there was to make



SELF-DENIAL IN EARNEST—A LASSIE TO THE

her afraid. To a far more ghastly Women are made life, and the grave to them than the natural that this shattered at some of annihilation! fear might have. How could she, in the wild gale. How?—only fast duty was stronger. And oh! what a it is once understood we can only get and hearts that God and a dying dollar we can, we leave and our God help us to a

Will you follow "Grace Darling's" example during
SELF-DENIAL WEEK

SELF-DENIAL—FOLLOW ON!

Nov. 30th
To Dec. 7th.



And Sacrifice your Ease and Comfort for the Sake
of your Unfortunate Neighbour?



ROUND HEADQUARTERS.

Mrs. Booth met all the city lassie officers at the Temple for a council on Nov. 11.

Colonel Holland is taking the Staff Band to the various city corps on successive Sundays. A special S.-D. programme will appear in due time.

Brigadier Jacobs can spare little time for aught else but farm matters. He's head over heels busy in this new farm of ours.

Major Read is hard at the S.-D. and Light Brigade.

Major Collier and some of the Social Staff spent a profitable time at Dovescourt on the 10th.

Staff-Capt. Horn, our worthy Trade Manager, is directing his thoughts towards the bargain line. Look out, ye buyers.

Whose wedding is that announced among the coming events? Well, 'twill be out shortly, I guess.

Adjutant Turner dropped in on us the other day. Evidently things are on the move in his direction, according to what he says about them.

Our Photo Engraving Department is busy making some nice colored slides for the G. R. M. agents.

BERMUDA: Wanted, at once, some musical instruments for our pioneers, such as autoharps, violins, a drum, etc. Send quick, in time for the dedication and flag presentation in Toronto.

CANDIDATES: Please note that you are required to enclose \$1 with your application, to cover cost of printing, postage, and other expenses.

Ensign Wiseman, of Ottawa, has secured fifty cords of wood for the Ottawa corps. This will tide him nicely over the winter. A wise man in deed!

Hamilton No. 1 is under a cross fire. The first battery (the Police Court case) is silenced; now the obstructionists oppose the city's grant towards the proposed Men's Shelter. Have to be dealt with. Ensign McLean has two worthy aides in Trear, Provost and Sec. Landers, and the Army has nothing to fear, the more investigation the better, in fact we like anything better than indifference and stagnation.

SILKTHICK.—Sunday, knee-deep at 6 a.m. Much of the Spirit's power all day. One soul wanted to get saved, but wouldn't yield. Our brass band will soon be in good trim.—A Canuck.

HAMILTON.—Good meetings in the past week. Souls have been coming to God. Four promissaries have come to us. Soldiers are looking up, and are reading out better.—Captain W. Brimley.

SELF-DENIAL IN EARNST—A BESS LASSIE TO THE RESCUE.

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her afraid. To a woman death is a far more ghastly foe than to a man. Women are made for the sunlight of life, and the grave is a darker abode to them than their brothers. How natural, that this girl should have shuddered at going thus into the jaws of annihilation! What convulsions of fear might have seized her heart! How could she, a lone girl, go out in the wild gale in so frail a craft? How?—only just because her sense of duty was stronger than all such fears. And oh! what a power is duty when it is once understood and realized! If we can only get it upon our minds and hearts that it is our duty to God and a dying world to make every dollar we can, how we shall bid our fears and our doubts go to the wind! God help us to see the signals from

the wrecks around us and do our duty.

3.—THE LOVE OF THIS GIRL FOR OTHERS WAS GREATER THAN HER LOVE FOR HERSELF.

Here is the secret spring of all noble actions. It is what we do for others that is going to tell. Oh, that blessed power of love, that over-reaching, over-mastering, all-conquering impulse of love!

Oh, that this Self-Denial Week we may each get a richer baptism of that dying love of Jesus Christ! It will make the task a pleasure, a delight, a joy forever! For

Love will soften every sorrow,
Love will lighten every care,
Love unmeasured will follow,
Love will triumph, love will dare!

STARS AND STRIPES.

St. Louis VI. has been successfully opened.

D. O. Cousins has opened a new corps at Green Island, Nebraska.

Cutting, binding, and color printing are soon to be used as auxiliaries in improving the value of the already brilliant New York Cry.

Mrs. Eastington Booth is having a hugely successful trip along the Pacific coast; indeed, the trip is said to be among the most important that has ever engaged Mrs. Booth's time and effort.

Editor Milsaps has been royally welcomed at the National Headquarters, New York. One hundred and two persons, all connected with the various departments, rolled up to show "welcome."

Tom Bowling and Tommy Atkins well cared for.

WHAT OUR NAVAL AND MILITARY LEAGUE IS DOING.

The November Letter from Major Lewis.

Many happy returns of the day. This I am sure will be the heart-felt expression of hundreds of soldiers and sailors as they send a special word of thanksgiving to God for having caused our League to be founded a year ago.

What a happy year's record we have to look back upon! Stimulus has been given to work amongst soldiers and sailors all round the world. We have a distinct membership of over 400, whilst large numbers of men have expressed their desire for the same feeling as the other recognised religious denominations.

But this is not all. Gibraltar has been opened, and God has indeed blessed the work there. Already Adjt. and Mrs. Ellis have pleaded for additional help, and asked for permission to start a Training Home for S. A. officers on the spot. Candidates for the work have offered, and the movement flourishes grandly. The meetings in the South front school room are

PURSUED IN BATTALION ORDERS.

and our desire to promote the men's welfare is thoroughly recognised.

Ensign and Mrs. Pike will sail for Malta (D.V.) early this month, and will undoubtedly meet with a noble reception at the hands of our plucky members who have held on so bravely as true soldiers of Jesus Christ.

Colonel Weight reports well of our bright little band at Hong Kong, and strongly urges the sending of officers at once. They had a splendid march and thoroughly stirred up the place. Our leaders received a tremendous cheer-up.

A new scheme is on foot for Aldershot, which, if carried out, I may refer to in my next.

Self-denial amounts have come in from several of our stations and ships that are unattached to a local branch of the Salvation Army. It is remarkable how many promotions have been conferred on a number of our Leaguers, thus showing that a truly consistent life is

APPRECIATED AND BELIED UPON

in the right quarters. The activity at our Home Stations continues most marked. We must have S. A. N. & M. Homes at our Naval and Military centres. But we are only young yet. We will plod on. The unity of our members is beautiful—soldiers, sailors, marines, working side by side with one heart and aim, to lead poor sinners to Christ.

The intelligence and business-like qualities displayed by our secretaries and sergeants is one of the most hopeful signs of future success.

Adjt. Archibald, the Pacific D. O., who is on furlough in England, looked in at my office to see me about what could be done for the Pacific Fleet. He gave a good account of our comrades, including Mrs. Milling, of the "Royal Arthur," who also gave an account of the work at the Pacific Fleet, and testified for Jesus. I told the adjutant what had been done by comrades elsewhere, and suggested he should, on his return, organize a Naval Brigade, and open a Sailors' Home. I am sure the Commandant will gladly do something for them, if at all possible. Our Leaguers might do a good deal themselves in this direction by getting in touch with our Leaders at these Foreign Stations, and laying their needs before them. Just a cottage rented to start with, would be better than nothing, so that the men might feel they had

A LITTLE PLACE OF THEIR OWN,

where they could meet and praise God without rebuke. These men under conviction of sin would soon find them out and seek salvation.

Some of our comrades have been subject to great persecution, both soldiers and sailors, and a few also, have succumbed to the fiery test. Pray for them.

I want to ask your prayers, too,

for Commissioner Booth-Tucker, the Foreign Secretary, under whose shelter, and that of Consul Booth-Tucker, the Naval and Military League is so kindly encouraged onward in its difficult work. The Commissioner leaves England this month to join the General in Ceylon and India. He will leave with many anxieties in his heart, owing to the delicacy of his youngest little daughter, and the great strain on the work of the Foreign Office that will fall upon Mrs. Consul Booth-Tucker. But God will accept and bless the sacrifice.

Major Bennett's Tour, AND COMMENTS THEREON.

More New Openings—Is Marriage a Failure?

MOOSE JAW.

I spent two days and a night at this place and found Captain Dwyer and the soldiers full of light. I had the best march and open-air I ever had at this corps, and indeed we had a splendid meeting. We had a real good meeting. The day after I left, the long-looked-for Lieutenant arrived and cheered the Captain's heart very much.

REGINA

was my next corps, where I had the pleasure of spending two days and a night. I also enrolled some recruits. Found that most of the soldiers were busy threshing in the country. Some came a long way to be present. The city seemed to be haunted by witherful fires. The police and the people have had some hard times fighting prairie fires this fall, and many a farmer has lost all he had.

I found the officers at this corps well and happy, and they seemed to be very comfortable in their new quarters.

PRINCE ALBERT.

I left for this corps in the morning and, weary trip of 250 miles. We were thirteen hours during this journey, but I got there at last, and was met by Captain Mitchell and Lieutenant Gardner, and a host of soldiers. After a prayer-meeting and some supper I was glad of a night's rest, and was up on time at knee-drill, where we had a very spiritual time. At the holiness meeting five were out for the blessing of a clean heart. The afternoon and night meetings were well attended.

Monday night I gave a special address to a good audience. Tuesday was a good time, and after the first meeting we had a glorious soldiers' meeting. Wednesday was my last night in this northern corps, and I was unannounced to talk upon "Is Marriage a Failure?" We had a full house and a good time, and did not close without a good, pointed, definite prayer meeting.

Thursday morning, up at 3.30, caught the train, and after a weary trip landed in Regina in time to catch the east-bound train.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE.

I spent the night on the cars, and arrived in Portage early in the morning, after travelling some thirty hours at a stretch. I conducted a wedding and two wedding feasts, and went in to the building matters. I left for Winnipeg, and took the Sunday's meetings, where I saw four seek the blessing and one salvation.

NEW OPENINGS.

It has been decided to open Wharfedale, N.D., in the Fargo district, on November 9th. Ensign Lee and Lieut. Petch are the officers appointed. I pray God will make them a mighty power and give them hundreds of souls.

The other corps to be opened on this date is Devil's Lake, in the Grand Forks district. The officers appointed are Captain and Mrs. Westcott. My prayer is that God will give them a great harvest of souls.

"God's finger does not light the fire of hell; every sinner makes his own hell." "How shall ye escape if ye neglect so great a salvation."



Somewhere, visiting the City Social Institution for women and children, writes: "It is delightful to see with what order and precision everything is carried on. All so neat, and dainty, and sweet, when one considers the character of the work accomplished, and the class of society dealt with."

One thing that impressed me, especially, was the anxiety there seemed to be amongst the officers, in each home alike, to carry out the wishes of their leader. Even though Mrs. Booth may be behind the scenes, through sickness, things appear to go ahead with equal system and simplicity. There was not the slightest trace of any necessity for a pulling up to time, that I could discern."

"The contented children in the shelter respond to the drill—even to the two-year-olds—with the comical precision of a miniature regiment. Indeed, for obedience and happiness, these walls might be envied and copied by many a more highly-favored child."

"The Women's Shelter on Agnes Street, is a splendid chance for any poor soul who is anxious to start a new life—but, alas, as one of the officers said, sighing, 'There are so few who are really willing to leave their sin and serve God.'"

"I DO HATE DEBT." This is one of the leading articles of faith in the creed of the whole Rescue Staff, from Mrs. Booth, the devoted leader and head, to the newest Cadet in any and all of the eight Homes.

"I do hate debt," writes a waitress, "but really the Lord does help us so. I am sorry I have any liabilities on my report this time, but a man here told us he would bail all our coal for us if we would get it this week, and though that meant a few dollars extra, coal is so much cheaper this time of year."

We had some coal given lately and two barrels of flour, and a letter from a soldier in Truro to say he was sending ten bushels of potatoes. Isn't the Lord good?

"The poor little one that died this week was

WORSE LOOKING THAN 'SKINNY MINNIE'."

(the Witch-Baby). Poor mite! It was better she died—her mother did not love her."

Captain Barker, who was obliged, through illness, to leave the work she loves so much at the Women's Shelter, writes from Victoria: "I seemed to get worse instead of better, but, thank God, I am feeling stronger, more hopeful, though I am learning to leave the future in God's hands, satisfied He knows best. If I should go out to work for Him again I feel this time of waiting will have fitted me for it."

Words of Wisdom.

A great many prayers aim at nothing, and hit it!

Good advice is often diet for an impoverished stomach.

He teaches best who is daily learning something new.

What every man is in God's sight that is he, and no more.

Philosophy seeks for truth; Theology finds it; Religion possesses it.

They enslave their children's children who make compromise with sin.

Many a close-mouthed Christian does his cursing with his eyebrows.

Indulgence in smoking is the cause of the fast-increasing "Cigarette Cancers."

Quaker Woolman

Found Life in Dying, and Died in the

GLORY OF SELF-DENIAL!

Described by Whitaker as a "serene and beautiful spirit, redeemed of the Lord from all selfishness."

"From his childhood he had communion with the invisible God, to give himself up wholly to the service of God, to place his whole trust in God, and in all things to act on an inward principle of virtue, because the constant aim and practice of his life. Through 'the revelation of Jesus Christ' he saw 'the happiness of his family'; and when increasing trade presented the prospect of wealth, he deliberately turned away, and became a journeyman taylor. So he lived and laboured, embracing in his whole-reaching love the negro slave, the Indian savage, the poverty-stricken negro, the factory workers, and agricultural laborers of England; loving them all not as a professional philanthropist, but because he could not help it; loving them as a mother loves her child."

"He found no narrowness respecting sects and opinions, but believed that sincere, upright-hearted people, in every society, who truly loved God, were acceptable to Him. 'All true Christians are of the same spirit'—Thomas a Kempis and John Huss were both, in his belief, sincere-hearted followers of Christ. Nor does he leave us in doubt as to his conception of Christianity. Once in a time of sickness, sickness near to death, in the night hours he had a vision. He seemed to have forgotten his own name, and to be mixed with a class of human beings in as great misery as they could be and live, so that his separate identity was gone. Then he heard the angel sing, 'John Woolman be dead,' and wondered greatly what the heavenly voice might mean in the morning when his wife and others came to his bedside, he asked them if they knew who he was. They thought he was light-headed, but he did not tell them his vision, though he greatly longed to understand the mystery. So weak was he that speech was difficult; at length 'I felt a Divine power prepare my mouth that I could speak, and I then said,

'I AM CRUCIFIED WITH CHRIST,

nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.' Then the mystery was opened, and I perceived there was joy in Heaven over a sinner who had repented, and that the language, 'John Woolman is dead,' meant no more than the death of his own will. No more than the death of his own will; a mere trism of Christian dogma! Only in his case, it was no theological tenet, but the living principle of life. Christ's salvation meant to him no more than that, but also no less. All his days he was striving towards that, enduring petty and therefore most painful humiliations, risking the esteem of best-loved friends, undertaking the hardest tasks, and straining after what may now account

AN EXAGGERATED SELF-DENIAL.

It was in later life that he had that vision; yet after a course which he must have seemed farwinded or its only flaw an excess of self-regard. He still regards himself as a repentant sinner, and hears the angel sing over his return as though he had been a prodigal. Let John Woolman die, that Christ may live in him; that was his religion; yet he meant nothing mystical, only the death of his own will."

If ye then be risen with Christ seek those things which are above.

Who in heart not ever kneels, neither sin nor Saviour feels.

Christ is both the Fountain and the Stream for watering the soul.

Total abstinence from all sin is the only practical rule of the Christian life.

If thou hast always been good, be compassionate; if thou hast ever been bad do not lose the recollection of it.

Two baronesses were among the workers in Colonel Oliphant's Heliopolis, Finland, meetings.

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How Louis was Twice Saved.

DO OUR SHELTERS HELP THE POOR MAN?

Remember Your Self-Defence will Help our Social Scheme.

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?" and the Cadet eyed the new-comer all over. The Cadet was getting quite used to having all kinds of people coming on him in the little coal and wood office, and it did not take him long to size up his man. Short, stout, dark eyes and hair, he looked what he was, a hard-working man, "down on his luck."

"Can you give me a job, sir?" he said, in a broken French accent.

"How long have you been out of a job?" asked the find.

"I haven't had any steady work since last fall," said the man, "and only a day or two at that."

"What do you work at when you work?"

"I'm a sailor, sir, and my vessel was laid up four months ago. I have a MASTER'S CERTIFICATE

in my pocket. Here it is. You will see I am what I say I am."

"Well, that seems all right. And you're dead broke now?"

"Yes, sir; I haven't a cent."

"Well, if you like to go to work in the yard here you can get a ticket for your work. That will give you your meals and bed over at the Shelter across the road."

The Cadet led the way, and Louis followed, glad to have at last found a helping hand. He seized the axe, and the Cadet left him working as if his life depended on it.

He hit his story came out. Born in the Province of Quebec, of Catholic parents, he had followed a sailor's life since his early youth. But by bit he had worked himself up until he had command of a great vessel. Then times grew bad, his work only lasted while the likes were open. Slowly he drifted down, and finally he found himself penniless and almost starving on an early spring morning. Discouraged and heart-sick, he wandered through the streets of Toronto looking for a little kind of way for work, until at length the name "Salvation Army" on the board over the Woolyard office caught his eye. He entered

AT MOST DESPERATE,

and found work and friends. A few days after there was an opening for a cook on our Social farm. Louis was sent there, and, being like most sailors, able to do a little of everything, gave complete satisfaction.

When the likes were once more open, Louis left the farm intending to get a ship, but on his way stopped over night at the Shelter. There was a meeting that night, and Louis sat attentively all through it.

"I see it all now," said he, after it was over. "Man's heart must be changed, or life's no good."

The next day he came to one of the officers and said, "Me like join you." The officer soon found that he knew what he was talking about, and calling two or three others, prayed and sang with him until he knew that all was well. A few hours after, he was on his way to Owen Sound to get a ship.

The officers saw nothing of him for several months, but when navigation had closed he returned to the Shelter, and was able to give the testimony that he had been kept from drink and tobacco all the summer by the grace of God.

"Today he is driving mules and doing anything to be done on the Social farm, glad to be among his friends once more, and grateful to God that there was a Social wing to help him, both soul and body, to a better way of living."

"COMRADE."

CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I.

[We have received three reports from this corps this week—one from the Sergeant-Major, one from the Treasurer, and another from an Auxiliary. We are much pleased at the interest shown by these comrades, but please, why not arrange to take it in turns to report, or else have a regular

correspondent? We insert the one containing the most news in the briefest space. Whose is it?—Ed.]

Sunday powerful meetings all day. Deep conviction. One brother would not yield, went home in misery and spent a miserable sleepless night. On Thursday night, before the close of the first meeting, he volunteered out. He was quickly followed by his friend, a young man who works in the same factory. It is a long time since we have seen converts so filled with holy joy, and it was so contagious that an officer and two Newfoundlanders joined. On Friday night the wife of the former convert came out. Also a floor sister who, some years ago, was a good soldier. On Saturday night a young girl was so powerfully convicted of sin she could not leave the building unharmed. Went and sobbed at the penitential work. The next thing is an enrolment on Thursday.

BRANTFORD.—This week has been one of victory. Officers went all week to the corps to the Corps. So the local soldiers went in for high old times. Sergeant Mrs. Beall and Sister Beallington sold War Cry on Saturday, and who should drop in to see the Corps on Saturday and Sunday. Saturday night was a rouser. Sunday afternoon a running match, and a short open-air. Had a big crowd. Laid out a Salvation Harriette. Happy Joe was very happy, and so was everybody else. Christmas could not get a chance, they were too slow. Two poor backsliders sought salvation. 7:30 p.m. again finds us in the market square. Didn't those benches blimpus feel happy? The march was out of the city, people looked amazed, but it drew the crowd, a bigger crowd and more collection than any time since Capt. G. Mackenzie took charge. G. B. M. man colour-ed one poor sister that was going out to the meeting. She said I feel like doing away with my life. She went. —J. B. Beall, S.C.

MORRISBURGH.—Capt. Brinkshire and Lieut. Kirkwood, who have just travelled, did a noble work in our midst, not only in the meetings, but they went to work to get a quarters of our own. So the gallery in the barracks has been renovated and done over into a beautiful, bright, comfortable and neat little quarters. Clerk of day. Trust the Lord! Cadet Curry, from Cornwall, who is a first-class carpenter, worked very industriously. And we have to thank the many friends who came so gladly and nobly to our assistance in giving money and work. We were sorry to have to part with our officers so quickly, after working and toiling faithfully for about three months. But through sickness Captain was compelled to rest. Capt. Hill has taken charge, and I fully believe will go on to help her to do it. Work in this place. The ONE WHO is INTERESTED IN THE WAR.

PARIS.—Good news, victory's coming. Saturday night a wonderful time. Hollows meeting—ask the poor soul who fell at the close what she thought of it. Mr. Editor, this poor woman was staggering up the street in a most pitiful condition. She heard the Army singing. She said she could not go by. She took a seat by the way, but was invited to a seat near the front. The sight broke our hearts. The blood was gushing from her nose. One of the sisters took her out and got the blood stopped. She came in and fell at the feet of Jesus. She was a Roman Catholic and disowned by her relatives through drink, but Jesus owned her. Our sister soldiers are doing for her. Still professing Christians say, "There is no use for the Army in Paris." I wonder what they would do with this case! Afternoon and night was better still than told.—See, W. McLaughlin, S.C.

NAPANEE.—Since last report God has been blessing us and saving souls, but while we were rejoicing over victory our hearts were made sad at the loss of a dear comrade, who was called from time into eternity, but left a testimony behind that he had "gone to be with Jesus." We had a very impressive memorial service on Sunday night, when two precious souls felt their need of a Saviour and came to Him. Victory is ours, hallelujah! Lieut. May Ward.

PARRY SOUND.—Sunday all day good crowds, soldiers all in for victory. God came very near. At night one soul, a backslider, volunteered out. Hallelujah! May Fic.

SUMMERSIDE, P.E.I.—Glory to God for victory. We had the joy of seeing two backsliders coming to God. There are more to follow. We want to see the kingdom of God extended and more brought in Him. —Jamie Boyles.

HILLSBORO CIRCLE CORPS.—On Saturday and Sunday we held meetings at Albert. Good crowds, good lively Salvation meetings. On Wednesday and Thursday we had Ensign Creighton and Captain Campbell with us. Meetings of power, blessing and salvation.—Day and Buffet.

NEW GLASGOW.—Good times here. Crowds larger, hall too small. Interesting, soldiers getting more fire. Ensign feels at home amongst these soldiers and is full of expectations for a glorious winter of victory. Our soul; more to follow. —Captain Penney.

NEWCASTLE.—On Thursday the meeting was in charge of the sisters, led on by Mrs. Knight. Brothers went out and tried. Don't leave everything to the men. Our congregations are somewhat larger than formerly. If God will, coming on, they are glad to come in off the street to where it is warm. There this fall there is a larger number of boats in than usual, and the men and boys from these make up quite a large number. God bless them.—Charlie Reeves, L.A.L.B.

KENTVILLE.—Every week crowds and collections are increasing, and last Sunday, after a hard fight all day, one wanderer came back to God. This is just the droppings, the showers are to come. In the Junior work, too, we are having victory. Every Sunday since we started them numbers are increasing. This is very encouraging. We mean to do all we can to get them saved. The Junior Soldier Manual is very interesting. All are pleased with it. Yours for Jesus.—Amy Norman, Lieutenant.

PENELON FALLS.—Saturday night we had a pound meeting, which was a success. The parcels came in fast. They consisted of pork, beef, chicken, butter, sugar, cheese, tea, bread, cake, and others too numerous to mention, and best of all, one soul at the close of the meeting. Hallelujah! Sunday all day God came very near and blessed our souls. At the close of the day's fight we were able to rejoice over one soul seeking salvation, making two for the week-end. —Capt. Wynn and wife.

NEWMARKET.—Our faithful correspondent, "Old Knownell," has sent in a detailed report of the visit of the Staff Band to Holland's Landing, Newmarket, and the meetings at all these places. We are compelled through a lack of space to deprive our readers of the pleasure of reading this report. Our sincerest apologies are hereby tendered to our kind brother, whose "news" have been so welcome in days gone by. The gist of the report is that large audiences and splendid musical treats were the order of the day, and everybody says, "Come again, boys." Mrs. Staff-Captain Horn conducted the night meeting at Newmarket, while the band did Aurora.

VICTORIA, B.C.—We are still in for war. Captain Cowan has been heartily welcomed into our midst. Lieut. Zieffarth is assisting her in the command of the corps. Spring Ridge outpost, which was opened some six weeks previous to time of writing, is making headway. We hear the encouraging news that the crowds are increasing, and hope to very soon report souls. At No. 1, as "we" are called, the week's meetings were good. A "brothers'" meeting has been announced for the coming week. Quite a number. We are looking forward to it with great expectation. Watch to the War Cry. Ensign Patterson says that the Shelter is going ahead like a house on fire, so you will likely hear something about it later. —Annie Kelly, B.C.

LUNTINGDON.—We have spent a few days cutting wood and drawing it in for the winter. A farmer's son from town told us we could have two or three trees that were in the field, providing we cleared away roots and all. We thanked him and the Captain and I started at our work. The wood is now all piled up in the woodshed ready for winter's use. The

light here has been somewhat difficult, but, praise God, he is with us and helping us. Sunday we had a beautiful time we had with us at night Sister Adams from Point St. Charles. We had a very appreciative audience both afternoon and night. At night we wound up with one soul at the cross. This brother came to a meeting at one of our outposts two weeks ago and asked to be prayed for. Praise God! We believe that God is going to give us some wonderful times in the soul-saving line here. —Nylund, Lieut.

SIMCOE DISTRICT.—Secretary Colner, Mrs. Miller and myself drove 100 miles last week, visited each corps in district, cheered up our comrades, had one soul, landed home in good time Friday night for a welcome home tea. The Simcoe corps and friends had prepared for us. Capt. Clark, of Tilsonburg, is down sick with typhoid fever. Comrades, pray for him.—Ensign and Mrs. Fox have just taken hold of Woodstock, with faith bright for victory and plans already made for S.D. battle. Things are rising some at Norwich. Capt. and Mrs. Howe lead the way.—Now comrades, get ready for the S.D. battle. Have everything out and dried. Don't leave everything to the last day. If you do, it's sure to rain, or you will be sick, or something else will happen. Pray much. Let us look to God for help and victory.—G. Miller, D.O.

SHELBURNE.—The days of prophecies are still here. An old lady in Orangeville, who is possessed with the spirit of divination, says there are to be four years' desperate struggle with the S. A., after which the sun shall shine. The end is not as yet. Ensign Buchanan has got a novel rig to visit his district. With it is something like the minister's coat, he could worship it without committing sin. There was none in heaven above, or in the earth beneath like it. The Ensign and Captain Luxtable and myself started in the afternoon with our comrades homeward. Got outside the limits. Met three men. One had a gun, which went bang. Scared the horse, the spring in front of rig broke, occupants went backward head over heels. Got up splitting our sides laughing. Made our way to a blacksmith and got fixed up. The lads are doing well at Orangeville. They got rid of a bag of potatoes within a week. Ensign's hole is turning grey. Jesus is good. Brethren, pray for us.—Captain Lewis, for Ensign S. Blackburn.

ADJUTANT TURNER TALKS

On Things Up to Date in the West Ont. Prov.

Adjutant Turner, the West Ontario Province second man, looked fresh as a daisy when he called at the editor's den recently. London air evidently agrees with him. Mrs. Turner, too, he says, is equally well. The Adjutant is keeping well saved and is in high spirits respecting the progress of the war his way. Yes, souls are being saved: at Ridgeway, a hard place I recently visited, we saw eleven seekers for salvation.

RICHARDSON TO FIGHT RENNIE.

"I've seen that challenge of Ensign Rennie's. We are not afraid of it, and Ensign Richardson, of London, has taken it up on behalf of London corps. St. John's will have to FIGHT to hold their own."

J. S.

"J. S. Yes, I have just had a splendid day with the sailors at London, eleven penitents, ages ranging from 11 to 15 years. J. S. work at London is going well—it is properly organized. Ingersoll and St. Thomas are also distinguished for good J. S. corps."

"Is the newly-arrived J. S. Manual any good?" we queried.

"Yes, a splendid help."

S.D.

"How are S.D. prospects generally?"

"The reply came in tones of quiet assurance. 'Oh, I think we shall come out all right.'"

"You mean the Province?"

"Yes, the Province, and district, too." J. C.

Be sparing of advice by words, but teach the masses by example.

THE COMMANDANT

COLONEL HOLLAND:

Light Brigade Provincial Agents' Appointments.

CAPT. J. BAILLY, with Lantern.—Edmonton, Nov. 12, 18, 14, 15 Prince Albert, Nov. 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28; Lake Dauphin, Dec. 1 to 11.

[illegible]

Handicapped as I am by the absence of the Eastern and Western notes, I cannot proceed with these notes as I would like. I trust this shall never be my lament any more. Good-night!

NOTES.

Captain Kearney, of Westville, is full of hopes to get their target. Westville will do this. Indeed, Capt. Kearney is hard on the track already, and bound to get there sure enough. Maxfall I.—Pretty high, they say, but these comrades know a thing or two and are determined to liek creation, or something else, to get there. Then Maxfall II is on the track. Captain Jennings, an old warrior, who did good service in the scheme, will make some one sit up before he'll be beaten. Here's a halloophish Prince at Dart.

(To be continued)

the W. P. B. FEB.



1642. Morris, Joseph William, age 19, height 5 ft 2 or 3 inches, mark on right side face, fair, no whiskers or mustache. Inland street. Left home April 25th, 1903; supposed have come to me.

FOUNDLAND OFFICERS AND "THE SALVATIONIST."

Too Late to Attend the Commandant's Meetings.

A STORM CAME UP

Ver. 2000

We remained here until Monday had a big time on Sunday. Large crowds and several souls saved. Three day morning we left about three o'clock and went as far as the Cape. There was such a sea on that we had to retreat and run back to Kings Cove, where we remained until Tuesday evening, when the wind changed. Then it was "Up anchor and let it go" for St. John's, and on Thursday morning about 4 o'clock we dropped our anchor in the harbor, just in time to meet the Commemorial. We're real sorry because we did not get in time for the big meetings.

H. FREEMAN Day & Night

SALVATION SONGS

FOR SALVATION MEETINGS.

Tunes—"Stollen," B.J. 25; "Saver-
eighty," B.B. 21, or "Euphony,"
B.J. 188.

Oh, sinner, listen to His voice,
And make the Saviour now your
choice;
Your soul will soon be called away
To meet the dreadful Judgement Day.
If still unsaved when death doth
come,
Oh, think how dreadful is thy doom.

Think of the Saviour's wondrous love,
He left His Father's home above
To bleed and die on Calvary's tree,
To save lost souls like you and me.
How can you still His mercy spurn,
And from His love and goodness turn?

Before the throne just now He stands,
He shows His wounds and spreads His
hands;
When Justice cries to cut them down,
Christ still in tender love is found
To plead once more for pardoning
grace.

That even you may seek His face,
CARRIE BALE, Montreal I.

Tunes—"I'm happy," B.B. 47, or
"Christiana, awake," B.J. 110.

Once long ago a Voice spoke to my
heart,
Hiding me from sin, from sinful ways de-
part;
I heard the call, and from that hour
I know
The precious blood of Jesus keeps me
white as snow.

Chorus.
"The flowing, 'tis flowing,
The precious blood I know
Will cleanse your heart,
And also make you white as snow."

Many have come; to-day they know
The joy
They've found the peace, which nothing
can destroy;
While they are true and faithful here
below,
His precious blood will keep their
hearts as white as snow.

Backslider, you have wandered from the
fold,
Far from your God, on mountains
bare and cold.
Will you return? He's seeking for you
still,
Come, give up wrong and start again
to do His will.

CAPT. KEMP, Grafton, N.D.

FOR FREE-AND-EASY MEETINGS.

Tunes—"Stick to the Army, lads,"
"The Army suit of blue," B.J. 87,
or, "Hound for Canada's Shore,"
B.J. 112.

When first I saw the Army band,
(The truth I'm telling you),
I said they went to make a show,
And none of them were true.
I thought the uniform a fright,
And, oh, those cymbals, too!
But worst of all that I had met
Was the bonnet trimmed with blue.

Chorus.
Stick to the Army, lads,
I vowed that from that very night
From the Army I would stay,
For all of them were crazy quite,
And on their downward way.
But, strange to say, the following
night
I went again to view
A band who had rung no note
In a bonnet trimmed with blue.

That night, thank God, my heart
was changed,
I joined the holy crew,
I've given up all my pleasures now
For an Army suit of blue.

No matter what the people say,
I'll push my pathway through,
And fight for God with all my might
In a bonnet trimmed with blue.
CADET SELINA NEWELL, St. John's
I, Newfoundland.

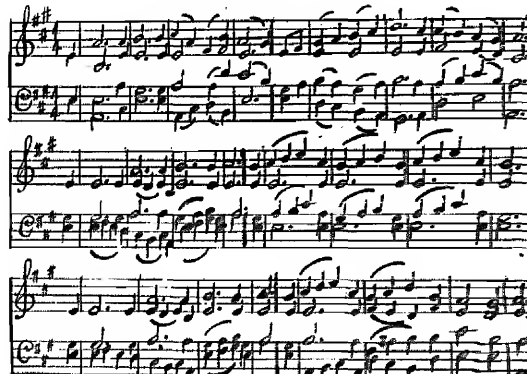
Tune—"Linger longer, Loo."
(This beautiful tune is perhaps the best of any I heard
for many years. Although not allowed to be played
on the street mass organs, and consequently not so
familiar to the ears as some for late for melodies,
it is conceded to be a great hit.)

So drear and dull in life's gray morn
Seemed all I knew of earth,
No sun gleamed high in murky sky,
All men were little worth.
The banner, bisoned "Gain and Get"
Still floated, as of old,
The darling motto of a world
Where men will die for gold;
That motto your own heart shows
The whisper came from hell—
When through the mist a pure Voice
rose,
Of Calvary's love to tell.
Now—

Chorus.
Jesus is my Saviour,
Jesus is my King—
All the strength of love and duty
To His feet I bring.
None need dwell in sorrow,
In His arms delight
I will ever follow Him till
Faith be lost in sight.

Is there a man who, mean and small,
Schemes, grasps, and plies his
worldly
Esteeming riches all in all,
Or with a worldly stealth
Will sacrifice his younger years
For honors men can give,
Who struggles on through blood and
tears
For empty fame to live?

AN OLD SELF-DENIAL SONG, Which has never worn out.



And can it be, that I should grieve
An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Did He for me, who caused His pain?
For me, who Him to death pursued?
Amazing love! how can it be
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

"Thy mystery all! The immortal dies!
Who can explore His strange design?
To vail the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine!
The mercy all! let earth adore,
Let angelic minds inquire no more.

He left His Father's throne above,
(So free, so infinite His grace)
Emptied Himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race:

Oh, let him from self arise,
And loathing puny aims,
Shine star-like as he dies,
And joy to meet Thy claims.
For:—

W. H. HARDING.

FOR HOLINESS MEETINGS.

Tunes—"Anything for Jesus," B.B. 76.
Jesus, I will love Thee, love Thee
every day,
Serve Thee every moment, follow all
the way;
If the cross be given, heavy be my
share,
Gladly will I bear it, then a crown
I'll wear.

Chorus.
All my life I give Thee, day by day,
Come what may,
All my time I give Thee, dying souls
to save.
Give me peace to conquer in the hard-
est fight,
Keep me ever faithful, watching in
the light;
Though the path I have to tread may
be strewn with thorns,
It is joy to follow, safe from sin's
alarms.

SERGEANT MAY LANG, Peterboro.

Tunes—"Oh, pour it in my soul," "I
am coming, Lord" (with old
chorus), B.B. 55.
"Called to be saints," I knew
He longed to make me clean.
I listened, trusted, rose, obeyed,
And gone is all my sin.

Chorus.
Oh, pour it o'er my soul,
Oh, pour it o'er my soul,
The cleansing blood of Jesus Christ,
Oh, pour it o'er my soul.
It flows, it flows, I feel,
The deep, and full, and wide,
Through all the chambers of my soul;
Its cleansing currents glide.
Oh, wondrous, loving Lord!
Thy mystery now I see,
For cleansed, transformed, by blood
Divine,
Even I can holy be.

Chorus.
He pours it o'er my soul, etc.
F. CAMERON, Kingston.

HALIFAX I.—On Thursday night
one soul sought salvation. On Sun-
day we had blessed times to our
souls and rejoiced to see seven souls
at the cross for the day's fight. Praise
God!—Sergeant-Major Casbin.

DUNDAS.—A special meeting was
held on Saturday night, at which Cap-
tain Bradley assisted, and Bro. Pro-
vost, from Hamilton, walked out to
assist us yesterday. The fighting is
hard, but we find some good friends
willing to help and encourage.—Capt.
S. Finney.

THEDFORD.—Good time at soldiers'
meeting, it being our officers' last
meeting with the soldiers. Went in
for a special blessing and, thank God,
received one. Sorry to lose Captain
King and Lieut. Hollett, whom we
have learned to love for their godli-
ness. Had soldiers' tea. Pleasant
time. Welcomed our new officers.—T.
Ford.

COLLINGWOOD.—The Harmonie
Hurricane's hand, led on by Major
and Mrs. Howell, with us four days.
Large crowds. The local press speaks
very highly of the band. A break has
been made in the devil's ranks by two
souls surrendering themselves to God.
Hallelujah! Others convicted. Vic-
tory—Capt. Bayle, for Ens. Black-
burn and Capt. Hoddinott.

ANNAPOLIS, N. S.—Here we are in
Annapolis. Since coming here we have
had the joy of seeing one soul out
for salvation. Had our D. O. Ensign
Galt, with us, and a coffee supper, and
altogether we are believing for bet-
ter times. Believe that God is able
to do exceeding abundantly above all
that we can ask or think. We re-
joice in the war.—Lieut. A. Hutt, for
Capt. A. Doggs.

RIDGETOWN.—After six months
away from field work we are again at
it. Came here on Friday after special-
izing at St. Thomas and Engle, where
we had a good time; also found that
the Desperados were there Saturday
and Sunday. Had beautiful meetings,
with eleven out for salvation, and six
held up their hands to be prayed for.
We pray they may be soon at the
mercy-seat. Three for sanctification.
We are in for victory in this place.
Laying our plans for Self-Denial. Be-
lieving to leave our target away in
the shade.—Captains Dean and Pettit.

PETERBORO.—We can still report
another week of victory over the
devil. Praise God! Grand times all
day Sunday. Capt. Beardsall has ar-
rived, and receives a proper welcome
to Peterboro'. We believe that a
grand work is going to be done under
the command of Ensign Alward. On
Sunday the meetings were something
grand. People talk about old times,
but if you want to see old times you
should step into the Peterboro' bar-
nack. On Sunday afternoon the old
devil got it hot and heavy, and he
was real mad. Some got the glory
in their feet. At night a grand sal-
vation meeting.—Sergeant May Lang.

LONDON.—We had a musical blar-
ney on Thursday night, and in spite
of rain crowd was good and meeting
successful. Friday night, soul-stirring
time. Two souls were led to Christ.
Walked three miles to knee-drill on
Sunday morning. Adjutant Taylor
with us for Sunday. Two out for
power in holiness meeting. Two cap-
tured in the battle for souls at night.
—Lieut. G. S. for Ens. Richardson.

INGERSOLL.—Everything in S. A.
circles has had a thorough shaking
up this past week. Wednesday even-
ing Capt. and Mrs. Cockerill celebrated
the fifth anniversary of their wed-
ding day by holding a "pancake wed-
ding," which was quite a novelty. A
large number of friends and comrades
gathered to the short anniversary
meeting, afterwards being served with
delicious-looking pancakes and steam-
ing coffee. The affair was a decided
success and a good lift to the officer's
rather slim salary. Saturday night
the march, open-air and meeting led
entirely by the sisters, who did their
respective parts in a highly creditable
manner. Sunday was one of our best
days for some time, for interest,
crowds, and finance, and the very best
of all a dear young man got saved
at night, making eight for the week.
Four Juniors, three in visiting, and
Sunday night's convert. During the
past two weeks the officers have
spent over 100 hours in visiting, col-
lecting on 250 families. They are doing
every house, whether palace or hut,
and intend going through the whole
town. Interest is being revived, and
much good will result.—M. N., Regular
Correspondent.

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